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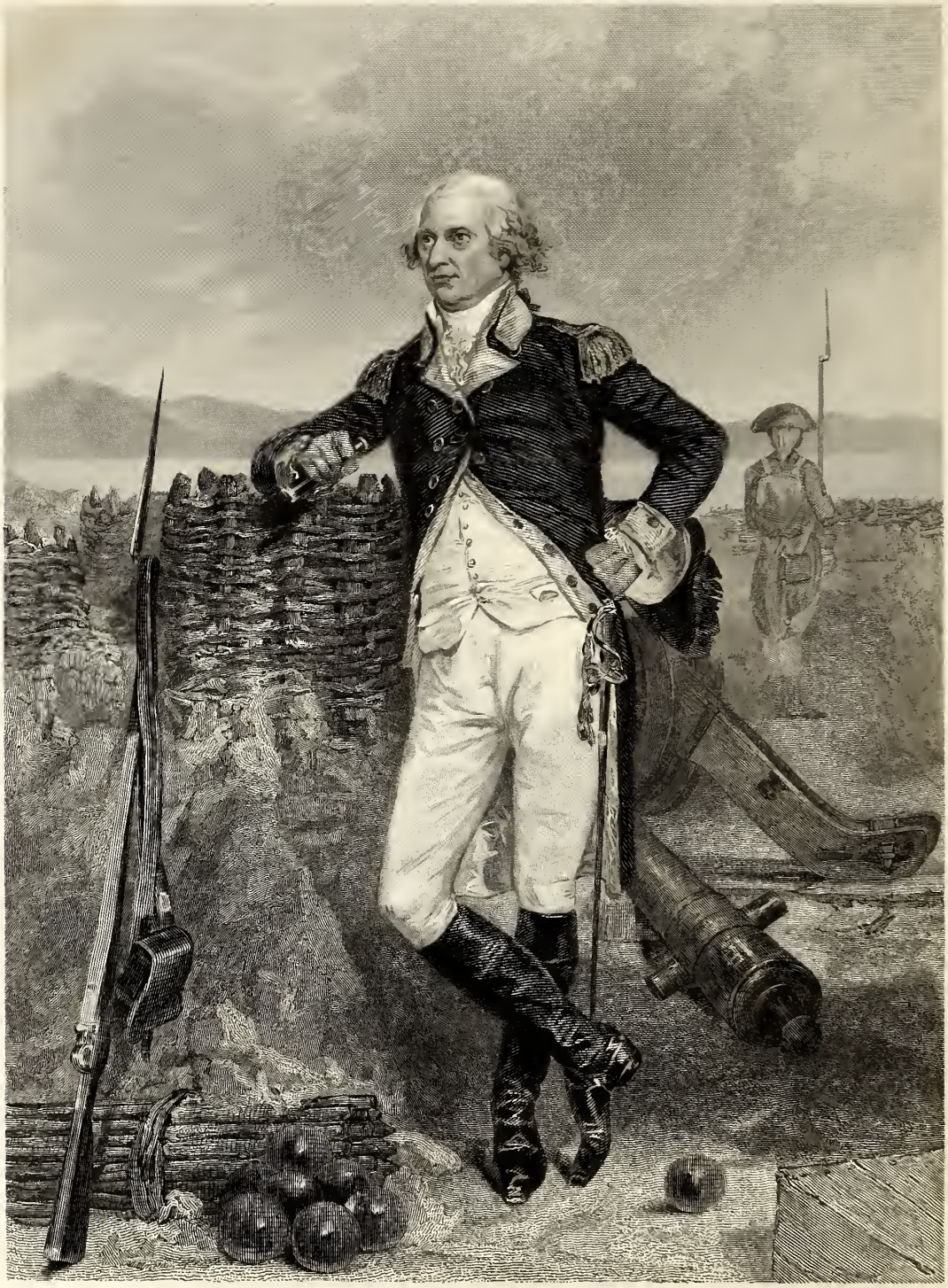
Paul Jones



Geo: Clinton

their advance from Saratoga. Stark, as soon as he learnt of their approach, set his troops in motion to meet them. At first he dispatched one of his officers, Colonel Gregg, to meet an advanced body of Indians, but learning that a greater force of the enemy was pressing on behind, he himself pushed forward, on the 14th, with all his men, and after a march of but five miles, coming upon Gregg, in retreat, prepared for the attack. The Hessian General, however, declined the battle in this way, and took post at a strong position on high ground at a bend of the Walloomscoick. Stark also withdrew to a better position. The next day, which was rainy, there was some successful skirmishing on the part of the Americans, which intimidated the Indians. Baum, fearing the Americans, sent for reinforcements, and recruits were coming in to Stark. Among them, says Irving, "was a belligerent parson, full of fight, Allen by name, possibly of the bellicose family of the hero of Ticonderoga. 'General,' cried he, 'the people of Berkshire have been often called out to no purpose; if you don't give them a chance to fight now, they will never turn out again.' 'You would not turn out now while it is dark and raining, would you?' demanded Stark. 'Not just now,' was the reply. 'Well, if the Lord should once more give us sunshine, and I don't give you fighting enough,' rejoined the veteran, 'I'll never ask you to turn out again.'" The next day, the sixteenth, the sun shone, and the battle was fought. Stark arranged an attack, sending two detachments to outflank the enemy on either side, and make a united assault on his rear. Another portion made a diversion in front. The action which followed is thus narrated by Irving: "At the first sound of firearms, Stark, who had remained with the main body in camp, mounted his horse and gave the word, *Forward!* He had promised his men the plunder of the British camp. The homely speech made by him when in sight of the enemy, has often been cited. 'Now, my men, there are the red-coats! Before night they must be ours, or Molly Stark will be a widow!' Baum soon found himself assailed on every side, but he defended his works bravely. His two pieces of artillery, advantageously planted, were very effective, and his troops, if slow in march, were steady in action. For two hours the discharge of firearms was said to have been like the constant rattling of the drum. Stark, in his dispatches, compared it to a 'continued clap of thunder.' It was the hottest fight he had ever seen. He inspired his men with his own impetuosity. They drove the royalist troops upon the Hessians, and pressing after them, stormed the works with irresistible fury."

Stark gained the victory two days before Congress passed a resolution censuring his disobedience to Schuyler's command. That body, on hearing of his admirable dispositions and brilliant success at Bennington, were quite willing to take the sturdy old partisan on his own terms. He sent no official information to that assembly of the battle, while he communicated it in glowing words to the State authorities,

whose citizens he commanded; but Congress reopened the correspondence with him, by sending him a vote of thanks with the coveted promotion of brigadier-general.

After this, we find Stark diligently engaged in the various operations of the war under the direction of Washington and Congress to the close. He was mainly employed, with intervals of repose, in the northern and eastern service; at one time in command in Rhode Island, at another at West Point, at another at Saratoga. He was at the battle of Springfield, in New Jersey, and presently sitting as a member of the court-martial on the trial of Andre. In 1781 he was in command of the northern department. He was with Washington at the close of the war, when he employed his influence in allaying those discontents of the army, the grounds of which no one had more sensibly experienced than himself. It is characteristic of a certain democratic independence of character which belonged to him, that he refused to participate in the self-imposed honors of the society of the Cincinnati.

The hardy veteran, disciplined in the active service of two great wars, through which he passed unwounded, though he had for some time felt the pressure of physical infirmities, in rheumatic attacks, had yet a long career before him. His life was protracted for thirty-nine years after the Revolution. He was destined even to be stirred by the military vicissitudes of a third war. When the French cannon, which he had captured at Bennington, were surrendered by Hull to the British at Detroit, he sighed for his old vigor, that he might take the field again. Death finally came to relieve the honored old man, at the age of ninety-four, at his residence in Manchester, on the Merrimac, May 8, 1822. His remains were placed in a spot selected by himself in a conspicuous situation on the banks of the river, marked by a granite obelisk on which is simply written, Major General Stark.

Among the individualities of the Revolution few are more striking than this independent character, the sturdy growth of a strong lineage and hardy nurture of the war and the wilderness. The retrospect of his long life covers three great ages of American existence, the far Colonial era, the Revolutionary conflict, and a good portion of our subsequent history. As the country recedes from his times, already growing very distant in the rapid march of events, the interest in such a man will grow and increase. He will be looked upon as the representative of the faithful yeomanry who never faltered under his guidance, but who came at his call, and followed him, as at Bennington, to the cannon's mouth. His very humors or eccentricities will add to his reputation; for Fame loves a marked character, and such strong demonstrative traits as constituted the individuality of Stark.

GEORGE CLINTON.

The first American ancestor of the eminent New York family of the Clintons, Charles Clinton, was a native of Ireland, who emigrated to America in the early part of the seventeenth century. The lineage may be carried farther back to William Clinton, an adherent of Charles I. in the civil wars of England, and an officer in the royal army. When the monarch was defeated, his supporter took refuge on the Continent; after a while went secretly to Scotland, married, and passed over, for greater security, to the north of Ireland. His son James in vain endeavored to recover the patrimonial estate in England. He lived in Ireland, married the daughter of one of Cromwell's officers, and became the father of James, the emigrant to this country, who was born in the County of Longford, in 1690. He had a perilous voyage to the new land. The passengers were so badly treated by the captain of the ship which was to carry them to Philadelphia, that many of them died, among others a son and daughter of Mr. Clinton. The survivors were glad to effect a landing at Cape Cod, where Clinton and his friends continued till the spring of 1730, when they established themselves in what was then Ulster County, in New York, in a settlement to which the name Little Britain was given, eight miles distant from the Hudson. He cultivated a large farm, occasionally acted as a surveyor of land, was fond of books and study, and speedily became recognized in the colony as a man of influence and intelligence. He held several military offices in the provincial service, and was with the royal forces at the capture of Frontenac. He was a man of general accomplishment, a gentleman of the olden time. A few verses, even, are preserved of his composition. He died in his eighty-third year, in Ulster, in 1773, on the eve of the Revolution, commending the cause of his country to his sons. "Stand," he said, "by the liberties of America."

George Clinton, the subject of our present sketch, was born at the family seat, in the County of Ulster, in New York, July 26, 1739. His Christian name was given him out of esteem for the old colonial governor, George Clinton, the father of Sir Henry, with whom there was a distant family relationship. He was educated at home, by his father and a learned minister of the Presbyterian Church, a graduate of Aberdeen. While quite a youth, on the breaking out of the old French war, he ran away from home to serve in a privateer, when

he encountered many hardships, but was back in time to share with his father and brother, at the age of nineteen, in the reduction of Frontenac, and assist in capturing one of the French vessels. At the close of the war, he turned his attention to the arts of peace, reading law in the office of William Smith, the eminent lawyer, colonial historian, and loyalist of the Revolution. He was appointed, at the early age of twenty, by the favor of Governor Clinton, Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, Clerk of the Peace, and of the Court of Sessions, etc., of Ulster County. In 1764, he was admitted to the bar; the following year he was appointed Surrogate, and in 1768 we find him taking his seat as a member of the Colonial Assembly from his county, and continuing in this relation till its dissolution, at the breaking out of the Revolution.

He was chosen in 1775 a delegate to the Continental Congress. He was present at the preliminary vote which led to the Declaration of Independence, but was called away to military duties in his own State before the signing of the instrument. "Clinton," says Gouverneur Morris, "attended but little in Congress. He had an aversion to councils, because, to use his own words, the duty of looking out for danger makes men cowards."[1] He held the State appointment of brigadier-general, and was put in command of the levies raised for the defence of the Highlands, which was soon after specially assigned to him, and his rank confirmed by the Continental Congress.

He was also, in 1776, appointed a deputy to the New York Provincial Congress, which framed the first State Constitution. At the first election under this instrument, he was chosen both governor and lieutenant-governor. Accepting the higher office, he entered upon its duties in July, 1777, and was continued in it by popular election for eighteen years.

It was not long before an opportunity was afforded the new governor to prove his mettle, in a contest with the son of his old friend and early patron, George Clinton.

In autumn, the British army in New York, having been reinforced by the arrival of fresh troops from Europe, determined upon a movement against the forts in the Highlands, which would open the river to a coöperation with Burgoyne, who was advancing from the north. An expedition was planned with this object by Sir Henry Clinton, directed especially, as it proved, against Forts Clinton and Montgomery, on the western bank at the centre of the Highlands. These forts were well planned and situated for defence, though one of them was unfinished, and both were feebly garrisoned. A heavy iron chain was drawn across the river from Montgomery, the upper of the two, to the opposite promontory of Anthony's Nose. A small stream, Poplopen's Kill, ran between the two forts. On the land side they were protected by the cliffs, and the difficulty of the mountain passes. Part of the militia had been withdrawn to other fields of the war,

[1] Oration in honor of the memory of George Clinton, 1812.

and it was very difficult to get the yeomanry from their farms at the harvest season to serve. Of the militia in the forts a portion was unarmed. The main defence rested upon the artillerymen of the veteran, Colonel Lamb. There were but six hundred in all. General Putnam, who was intrusted with the defence of the region, was below on the opposite shore at Peekskill. Brigadier-General Clinton, "the Champion of the Highlands," was discharging his duties as governor at the meeting of the Legislature at Kingston. There were two other forts, on the opposite side of the river, defending the Highlands, one above Fort Constitution over against West Point, the other, Fort Independence, at the southern entrance above Peekskill.

Sir Henry Clinton, who was a good strategist, completely outwitted Putnam in his advances. He sent a party of troops to Tarrytown, as if for a movement on the eastern side, which led Putnam to suppose that his force at Peekskill was the object of attack, while the British general brought his fleet up the river, and reëmbarked the men who had been landed. A second landing of men was made at Verplanck's Point, a few miles below Peekskill, which confirmed Putnam in the notion that he was to be assailed. He even despatched a demand to the opposite forts for succor from their scanty garrisons. The enemy were in the meanwhile landing on the opposite shore, and pushing upward with their vessels into the jaws of the Highlands.

Governor Clinton, already warned of the movements of the fleet, had thrown himself into Fort Montgomery, and was disposing his force for the defence of the approach by the bridge across the kill, while he sought information of any movements in his rear; for his military eye saw at once that his forts were the aim of the enemy. On the morning of the sixth, the British forces, several thousand in all, from picked regiments, were landed at Stony Point. Sir Henry Clinton led them by a rough march to the west of the Dunderberg. Arriving at a convenient point, he sent a part of his force onward to attack Fort Montgomery from the rear at the same moment that he would assail its lower neighbor, Fort Clinton. Governor Clinton, as we have said, was at the upper fort. He was aware of the enemy's approach, and prepared for resolute resistance. Sending out a portion of his men to oppose the march with a fieldpiece, he dispatched a messenger to Putnam for a reinforcement. The enemy came rapidly along, when they were considerably annoyed by the grape-shot and musketry. The men, however, who opposed them, were but a handful, and the gallant defenders were compelled to retire to the fort after having spiked their gun. "This," says Clinton, in his dispatch, "was about two o'clock in the afternoon; and the enemy approached the works and began the attack, which continued, with few intervals, till about five o'clock, when an officer appeared with a flag. I ordered Lieutenant Colonel Livingston to meet him without the works, and know his business. Colonel Livingston having demanded his rank and business, he was told by the bearer

of the flag that he was Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, and that he came to demand the surrender of the fort, to prevent the effusion of blood. Colonel Livingston replied that he had no authority to treat with him, but if they would surrender themselves prisoners of war, they might depend upon being well treated; and if they did not choose to accept of these terms, they might renew the attack as soon as he should return within the fort, he being determined to defend it to the last extremity. As soon as Lieutenant-Colonel Livingston returned, the attack was renewed with great violence; and after as obstinate a resistance as our situation and the weakness of the garrison would admit, having defended the works from two o'clock till the dusk of the evening, the enemy, by the superiority of numbers, forced the works on all sides." The reinforcement from Putnam was still on the other side of the river.

The forcible dispatch of Clinton to Washington, just cited, tells the story of a prolonged and honorable resistance. It was utterly impossible to hold the extended works longer with the slender garrison against the hosts of assailants. When they were finally overpowered, many yet managed by their valor to escape. General James Clinton, who was commander at Fort Clinton, driven to surrender at the same time, was wounded, and narrowly escaped by descending a precipice to the river. The Governor, his brother, was fortunate enough to find a boat to carry him to the other side. Thus ended the gallant defence of the Highland forts. Had Clinton been in command in place of Putnam, the result might have been different. As it was, the loss was happily neutralized by the surrender of Burgoyne, which rendered the conquest ineffectual.

The river was, however, open to the incursions of the enemy, who availed themselves of the opportunity to burn and destroy in their progress. Kingston, where the legislature had lately been in session, was committed to the flames in sight of Governor Clinton, who had hastened to interpose his little force between the town and the enemy. During the remainder of the war, he was twice in the field to repel attack, in the defence of the Mohawk region against Sir John Johnson and his motley forces, and a like threatened attack from Lake Champlain.

The old Colonial controversy of the New Hampshire Grants, was one of the agitated questions of Clinton's administration, which, after a great deal of controversy and employment of the time of Congress and the State legislature, and the minds of some of the best men in the country, was finally settled by the troublesome little Vermont becoming a State in 1791.[1]

At the termination of the contest with England, Governor Clinton had the satisfaction of entering New York at the side of Washington on the twenty-fifth of November—"Evacuation Day." An incident occurred a short time after, which illustrated both the humanity and decision of Clinton.

[1] The history of this whole controversy is carefully given in a valuable note by Mr. Street to his biographical sketch of Clinton in his "Council of Revision," etc.

A British officer had been seized by the Whigs of the city, and was being carried along in a cart to an appointed place, where he was to be tarred and feathered. Clinton, sword in hand, rescued the victim at the risk of his life.

In 1784 we find him recommending to the legislature the creation of a Board of Regents of the University, of which he became ex-officio a member.

When the active movements in Massachusetts, consequent upon the popular insurrection known as Shay's Rebellion, drove a portion of the malcontents into New York, where they were rallying at Lebanon for renewal of hostilities, Clinton summoned the militia, and put them to flight. On another occasion, not long after, he took part in the attempted conciliation, and then in the prompt military suppression of the civic disturbance in New York, the Doctors' Mob.

The affair at Lebanon was a practical illustration of the defects of government under the old Confederacy, and had much to do with opening the eyes of the public to the necessity of a fixed legitimate authority in legislation. It immediately preceded the Convention for the formation of the Constitution, and doubtless influenced many sober-minded people in its favor. Governor Clinton was President of the New York Convention which ratified this great instrument in 1788. He was by no means, at the outset, a friend to the measure. Indeed, he took the lead in the State in opposition, as the head of the Anti-Federalists. As the representative of a great commercial State, he was loath to part with the import duties to the General Government. Before New York came into the measure, the constitutional number of States, nine, had already signified their agreement. Virginia, the tenth, had signified her agreement on the 25th of June. It became, therefore, a question with New York, when she made her decision a month later, not whether there should be a union of States, but whether she should belong to it or not. On this issue the Governor and the Convention gave their acquiescence, with the understanding that the instrument should be speedily submitted to amendment.

The division of parties now brought him a competitor for the office of governor. Under the old Constitution, the elections were triennial, and Clinton, as we have seen, had served without opposition since the State government went into operation, in 1777. Robert Yates, a judge of the Supreme Court, was set up as his opponent; a man of character and influence, whose nomination by the Federalists was a concession to their opponents, for Yates had withdrawn from the Convention of the Constitution at Philadelphia in furtherance of his advocacy of State sovereignty. His personal weight, also, brought him many votes, so that he came very near gaining the election. At the next election, in 1792, John Jay was set up in opposition, and obtained a numerical majority, when objections were interposed to the informality of the votes of certain counties, which were sustained by

the referees. These votes being thrown out, Clinton was found to have a majority of one hundred and eight. This was his last term. At its close, he issued an address to the electors, pleading his thirty years of service to the public in elective offices, and asking for retirement. Before passing from this period of his public duties, we should notice his efforts, in 1789, in behalf of a provision for setting apart lands in the new townships for the promotion of literature and the support of common schools, and in 1791, and the following year, for improvement of agriculture and Internal Communication by the Northern and Western Inland Lock Navigation Companies—efforts which connect his name with the more successful and eminent labors of his nephew.

After a few years' retirement, George Clinton is again brought forward, in 1801, as a candidate for the governor's chair, and elected. The next Presidential election carried him into the Vice-Presidency by the side of Jefferson, as the representative of the Republican party. He was reëlected in 1808, with Madison. In 1811, he gave his casting vote, as President of the Senate, against the renewal of the charter of the Bank of the United States, asserting, in a brief, pointed speech, the principles which he had long held as a strict constructionist.

He did not survive this Presidential term. He died at Washington, in office, on the 20th April, 1812, in the seventy-third year of his age. His remains repose in the Congressional Burying-ground, with an inscription from the pen of De Witt Clinton: "To the memory of George Clinton. He was a soldier and statesman of the Revolution. Eminent in council and distinguished in war, he filled with unexampled usefulness, purity and ability among many other offices, those of governor of his native State and of Vice-President of the United States. While he lived, his virtue, wisdom and valor were the pride, the ornament and security of his country; and when he died, he left an illustrious example of a well spent life, worthy of all imitation."

Such was the public position and elevated character of George Clinton, "a soldier and statesman of the Revolution." Eulogy needs no higher terms. He is spoken of as frank and amiable in private life as he was firm and dignified in public. We might look for as much from the old defender of Fort Clinton, a man not to be trifled with, of original force and weight, whose courage and strength were directed to manly, honorable ends.

FRANCIS MARION.

Francis Marion, the partisan general of South Carolina, was of Huguenot descent, the first American settlers of the name being Benjamin Marion and Judith Balnet, his wife, who came from France in 1690, and established themselves in a plantation on one of the tributaries of the Cooper River, near Charleston. Gabriel, the son of Benjamin, married Esther Cordes. These were the parents of Francis Marion. He was born, it would appear, in St. Johns Parish, Berkeley County, probably in 1732. His early life was passed, till his twenty-seventh year, in agricultural pursuits, when we first hear of him in connection with military matters in the period of the old French war. He took the field with Moultrie, and fought gallantly by the side of that officer in the Cherokee country against the savages at the battle of Etchoee. He then returned to his farm, near Eutaw Springs, ripening for the work of the Revolution, which found him at the height of manhood, at the age of forty-three. The people of his district relied upon his understanding, for we find them sending him as their delegate to the Provincial Congress of 1775, when he was appointed captain in the regiment of his former superior officer, Colonel Moultrie. His first duty was to gather a company, which he speedily effected in the eastern region, where he was well known. He was then employed in the neighborhood of Charleston; being engaged in the occupation of Fort Johnson and the command of Dorchester.

He was with Moultrie, at Sullivan's Island, during the fierce day of battle which we have already described,[1] and particularly distinguished himself in the gallant defence.

At the ill-managed attack upon Savannah, by the combined forces of D'Estaing and Lincoln, which ended so disastrously for the Americans, Marion was present with his regiment, which did much by its gallantry to redeem the honor, if not the fortunes, of the day. Next came, in the winter of 1780, the siege of Charleston, by Sir Henry Clinton. It was evident from the beginning that the city must fall, and it has been a point much discussed whether Lincoln should have attempted to defend it, whether it would not have been better for the cause that he should withdraw his troops, and besiege the British from the open country. This was what afterwards took place when the conquerors were

[1] *Ante*, Life of Moultrie.

reduced almost to starvation. An accident which happened to Marion has been esteemed a piece of singular good fortune to the cause, in saving him from the surrender. He was in command of the small body of light troops outside of the city, when he was called to aid in the defence. During the first days of the very deliberate investment, he was dining with some friends in the town, when, according to a custom not unusual in those hard-drinking times, the door was locked that no one should avoid his share of the conviviality. Determined to escape the infliction, he threw himself from the window into the street. The fall fractured his ankle and incapacitated him from service. In obedience to an order of Lincoln, commanding all officers unfit for duty to retire from the city, he left while the country was still open, and took refuge in his native region of St. Johns. His freedom was thus preserved for the service of his country.

Now came the incursions of Tarleton and the devastating warfare of Cornwallis—a policy of savage extermination which would have driven a people with less capability of exertion to despair. But it happened, as it has before, that the very means employed to crush, excited the spirit of resistance, and deliverers were raised up for the oppressed. It was a peculiar species of warfare which was now entered upon, requiring novel resources both for attack and defence. A thinly inhabited country was the scene of operations, cut up in all directions by rivers and their branches, and innumerable swamps. Large bodies of troops could move only with difficulty; it was a service for small parties of cavalry always in movement, making up by rapidity for want of numbers. On the side of the British, Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton, an officer of spirit, whose fiery youth has been vividly handed down to us in the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was the leading representative of this method of warfare; harrying the land with his mounted troops, and overcoming by his activity and unscrupulousness. Success added terror to his name, as he gained victory after victory, and seemed destined to sweep the land of its patriot defenders. He was the right arm of Cornwallis, in his movements in the interior, and began to be deemed invincible, when his course was arrested by Morgan, the Virginian, and his resolute companies of native defenders of the State, at the battle of Cowpens. But it was in Marion that the chief spirit of resistance was incorporated. On the arrival of Gates from the north, in command of the southern army, having partially recovered from his lameness, he presented himself before the hero of Saratoga, on his march toward the fatal field of Camden. American commanders were accustomed to odd sights of dress and equipment in the patriot soldiery who enlisted under their banners, and Gates must have been used to appearances with which the eye of Washington himself was but too familiar. The little band of Marion, however, seems to have astonished even their American brethren in arms. As for the well-equipped British, they

always held the ragged American regiments in contempt, till they were soundly flogged by them. An intelligent looker-on at the camp, Col. Otho Williams, in his narrative of the campaign, speaks of Colonel Marion's arrival, "attended by a very few followers, distinguished by small leather caps, and the wretchedness of their attire; their number did not exceed twenty men and boys, some white, some black, and all mounted, but most of them miserably equipped. Their appearance was, in fact, so burlesque, that it was with much difficulty the diversion of the regular soldiery was restrained by the officers; and the General himself was glad of an opportunity of detaching Colonel Marion, at his own instance, towards the interior of South Carolina, with orders to watch the motions of the enemy, and furnish intelligence."[1]

It was while Marion was engaged on this service, that the battle of Camden was fought; but luckily, he had no share in the misadventure. He was employed, in fact, in quite an independent career of his own, organizing his own forces and acting at his own discretion. He was at the head of that system of partisan warfare, which, in its development, was to rid the State of the foreign foe. His present command, "Marion's Brigade," was formed from the hardy spirited population of Irish descent, settled between the Santee and the Pedee, in the territory of Williamsburg. They were convinced of the intentions of the British rulers at Charleston to reduce them to political servitude; they knew their rights, and knowing, dared to maintain them. Their movement was voluntary, as they gathered their small but resolute force of picked men, and called Marion to its command. He had already assumed it, and caused the Tories to feel his new authority when the defeat of Gates took place. It roused him at once to a new effort to redeem the fortunes of war. He was already in the neighborhood of the field, and hearing that a British guard was on its way with a considerable body of prisoners, he determined to arrest the party on its march. Two days after the battle, he concerted an attack, and with the loss of but one man, killed and took twenty-two regulars and two Tories prisoners, and retook one hundred and fifty continentals of the Maryland line. He was now a recognized leader in the field, and the British commander-in-chief directed his efforts to his overthrow. "I most sincerely hope," wrote Cornwallis to Tarleton, "that you will get at *Mr.* Marion." But Mr. Marion was not so easily to be caught. On the appearance of a superior force, under the command of Tarleton, which it would have been vain to resist, the skilful partisan turned his forces in another direction, to the borders of North Carolina, where he overawed the Scotch Tories in that disaffected region. The ruthless conduct of the British whom he had left behind, now raised the South Carolinians to fresh resistance, when Marion, ever mindful of his opportunity, returned to the State with speed, accom-

[1] Simms' Life of Marion, p. 106.

plishing sixty miles in one day, and in a bold night attack, defeated a large body of Tories on the Black Mingo. Following this up with some smaller successes of the kind, he again attracted the attention of Tarleton, who issued out of Charleston in force for his capture, and when he was fairly on his heels, wearied out and perplexed by the windings of his foe, gave up the chase, it is said, with the exclamation, "Come, my boys! let us go back. We will soon find the Game Cock (Marion's brother partisan, Sumter), but as for this damned Swamp-fox, the devil himself could not catch him."

The tide was now turning, as the people felt their strength. King's Mountain, in the autumn of this memorable 1780, brought a vast accession of strength to the popular cause, in the proof that the best British troops were not invincible before an aroused yeomanry; but there was much yet to be done before the day of final deliverance was secured. It was a slow, weary, harassing policy which was to be pursued, of surprises and escapes, of self-denial and endurance, the watchful, unyielding virtue of Marion and his men. They took post in an island fortress of wooded swamp land, at the junction of the Pedee and Lynch's Creek, known as the "camp of Marion," where he recruited his forces, husbanded his strength, and sallied forth on his raids against the foe. This is the spot where the popular admiration of Marion finds its home and centre. "His career as a partisan," says his faithful biographer, the novelist Simms, "in the thickets and swamps of Carolina, is abundantly distinguished by the picturesque; but it was while he held his camp at Snow's Island that it received its highest colors of romance. In this snug and impenetrable fortress, he reminds us very much of the ancient feudal baron of France and Germany, who, perched on castled eminence, looked down with the complacency of an eagle from his eyrie, and marked all below him for his own. The resemblance is good in all respects but one. The plea and justification of Marion are complete. His warfare was legitimate." It is in this place the scene is laid of that interview with the British officer, so familiar to the public in popular narratives and pictorial illustration. A flag from the enemy, at the neighboring post of Georgetown, is received with the design of an exchange of prisoners. The officer is admitted blindfold into the encampment, and on the bandage being taken from his eyes, is surprised equally at the diminutive size of the General and the simplicity of his quarters. He had expected, it is said, to see some formidable personage of the sons of Anak of the standard military figure, which, as Mr. Simms remarks, averaged, in the opposing generals during the war, more than two hundred pounds. On the contrary, he saw "a swarthy, smoke-dried little man, with scarcely enough of thread-bare homespun to cover his nakedness, and instead of tall ranks of gay-dressed soldiers, a handful of sunburnt, yellow-legged militiamen; some roasting potatoes, and some asleep, with their black firelocks and powder-horns lying by them on the logs." This is Weems'

narrative, a little colored with his full brush, but true enough as to detail. The "improvement" which he works up from the plain potato presented as a dinner to the officer, is equally sound as a moral, though we will not vouch for the exact expression of the sentiment. As a specimen of Weems, it is characteristic; but certainly Marion never talked in the fashion of this zealous biographer.[1]

The Briton, however, intrenched at Charleston, and with his double line of forts encompassing the interior, was not all at once driven out. When he was compelled to leave, it was by the slow process of an exhaustion, to which even victory contributed; for every British conquest in that region was as costly as a defeat. Greene came with his Fabian policy, acquired in the school of Washington, to repair the errors of Gates. It was a course with which the policy of Marion was quite in agreement, attacking the enemy when they were vulnerable; at other moments retreating before them. Both officers knew well how to drain the vitality of the British army. Greene appreciated Marion. "I like your plan," he wrote to him, "of frequently shifting your ground. We must endeavor to keep up a partisan war." He sent Lieutenant-Colonel Lee to his aid, and together they attempted the capture of Georgetown in a night attack, which was but partially successful, in consequence of a loss of time and the want of artillery. Though not fully carried out, it served as a diversion and alarm in the rear of Cornwallis, who now, after the defeat

[1] The true spirit of his career has found a sterling appreciator in the poet Bryant, whose poem on this subject is a genuine chapter of American history.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
  Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
  When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green wood,
  Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
  As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
  Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
  Within the dark morass.

Wo to the English soldiery
  That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
  A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
  They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
  Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
  A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
  Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
  From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
  And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
  As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
  To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
  That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly,
  On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
  The hand that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
  The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide our fiery barbs
  Across the moonlight plains;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
  That lifts their tossing manes.
A moment in the British camp—
  A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
  Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
  Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
  For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band,
  With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
  And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
  And lay them down no more,
Till we have driven the Briton
  For ever from our shore.

of an important portion of his force under Tarleton, was advancing rapidly through North Carolina at the heels of Greene. Lee was recalled to join his commander, and Marion continued his partisan warfare in South Carolina. He was after a while reinforced by Greene on his return to the State, and assisted that general greatly in the movements, which resulted in imprisoning the enemy in Charleston. After a brilliant affair with the British, in conjunction with Lee and Sumter, and other adventurers, he hastened to Greene in time for the battle of Eutaw, in which engagement he commanded the right of the South Carolina militia, and gallantly sustained the fierce attack of the enemy. Towards the close of the war, he took his seat in the Legislative Assembly, which met at Jacksonborough, as the representative of St. Johns, Berkeley. He was engaged in one or two further conflicts with the enemy, and the struggle which he had so manfully sustained was at an end.

He now retired to his plantation, to find it broken up by the incursions of the British. While engaged in its restoration, he was sent as representative of the district to the Senate of the State. It is recorded to his credit that he displayed in this situation a ready magnanimity towards Tory offenders in preserving their lands from confiscation. "It was war then," said he; "it is peace now. God has given us the victory; let us show our gratitude to heaven, which we shall not do by cruelty to man." In the same lofty spirit, he refused to receive any advantage from a bill exempting the soldiers of the militia from prosecution for acts committed in the service. He felt that his conduct needed no shelter. The Legislature rewarded him with thanks, and the more substantial appointment of Commandant of the Port of Charleston, a nominal office, with a salary of five hundred pounds, which were cut down to dollars. A timely marriage, however, with a wealthy lady of Huguenot descent, Miss Mary Videau, a spinster of fifty, who was attracted by the hero, relieved him of pecuniary anxieties, leaving him an old age of ease in agricultural pursuits. He still represented his parish in the State Senate, and sat in 1790 in the Convention for forming the Constitution. In 1794 he resigned his military commission given to him by Rutledge, and the following year, yielding to a gradual decline, expired on the 27th of February, at the age of sixty-three.

Marion was a true, unflinching patriot—a man of deeds, and not of words; a prudent, sagacious soldier, not sudden or quick in quarrel, but resolute to the end; a good disciplinarian, and beloved by his men, who came at his call. There was no power of coercion, such as restrains the hired soldier, in his little band: it was held together only by the cohesive force of patriotism and attachment to the leader. We hear of no acts of cruelty to stain the glory of his victories, but much of his magnanimity.

DANIEL BOONE.

Daniel Boone, the pioneer hunter of Kentucky, was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in February, 1735. His grandfather was an English emigrant, who came to America with his wife from the county of Devonshire, which furnished so much good blood to the New World. He settled in Bucks County, bringing with him, it is said, his family of eleven children. Of these, Squire Boone was the parent of the subject of our sketch. We read of his removing from the district, shortly after his son's birth, to the frontier hardships of Berks, the distance between the Delaware and the Schuylkill, sufficient, in that day, to make a frontiersman of the young Daniel. The woodland influences were as fresh there then as we can find them thousands of miles away in our own time. A simple, hardy population lived face to face with nature. The schoolmaster had, indeed, penetrated to the spot with his elements of knowledge imparted to shock-headed urchins in a rude log-house, but the Mighty Mother without, in wood and fields, and mountains, was the great teacher. The young Boone learnt what was to be taught of reading, writing, and arithmetic from his unnamed preceptor, and an infinite deal more for the purposes of his life in habits of hardihood, prudence, and skill in the forest sports and occupations.

When he was at the age of eighteen, the family removed to the remote north-western corner of North Carolina. His father settled on the banks of the Yadkin, and the son pursued with him the life of a farmer. The youth now took to himself a wife of the daughters of the land, Rebecca Bryan, destined to share with him many a mishap and triumph of the frontier.

It is curious to read of the motives which, it is said, induced Boone to look farther into the wilderness. The habits of North Carolina—it was exactly a hundred years ago—were even then, it seems, getting too luxurious for an unsophisticated lover of freedom, like Boone. We might smile at the picture drawn of this early aristocracy by his biographers, of its signs of wealth which, perhaps, in the luxury of our own day would be accounted little better than poverty, did we not remember that the principle is the same, though the means of its exhibition has relatively changed. Labor, we are told, was ceasing to afford an honorable support to the white man; slaves were on the increase, and certain Scotch merchants were pompously ruling the

day with their equipage and expense under the patronage of the colonial court. Lawyers, too, began to abound as the country became more prosperous, and more than once in the history of our infant communities, when trade and finance were badly regulated, this gentry became, as in North Carolina at the time of which we are writing, objects of odium. Boone had a great distaste for the profession, though the bent of character which inflamed this dislike of the craft, must have tended to keep him out of the way of it in the first instance. We can hardly think that all this, the Scotchmen and the lawyers included, could very seriously affect the life of a simple farmer and hunter on the Yadkin, if he chose to be quiet. Rather should we look to the unresting mania of the genuine backwoodsman, whose cry is ever onward, pushing the ever-receding West before him, through stream and over mountain, to the edge of the Pacific.

Boone soon found his way over the present boundaries of North Carolina, to the head waters of the Holston and the Rock Castle of Kentucky, a tributary of the Cumberland. It was at first a mere exploring tour, but it brought him far on the way towards the scene of his future adventurous exploits.

In 1769 the call comes in earnest to the backwoodsman from his friend, John Finley, the adventurous trader and pioneer, who told of the wonders of wood and field in the hunting-grounds of the Indians, on the banks of the Kentucky. The two friends had previously explored something of the region together; they now went in quest of a habitation. A month's travel, in the spring of the year, brought the little party of six forest rangers, dressed in the hunting-shirt and supplied with the usual accoutrements of the craft, to a mountain eminence on the Red River, a stream flowing into the Kentucky, whence, at the close of a day in June, they first saw the far-stretching vale watered by that noble stream. The promised land was before them. The scene lives in description, and is a favorite subject for the painter. It is one of the memorable incidents, the landmarks of American civilization. Boone was then thirty-four, the prime of a hunter's manhood, sinewy, robust, resolute; full of strength of mind and of limb. He needed all these qualities to take possession of the hunter's paradise, which lay outspread before him. All splendid castles in this world worth taking possession of are guarded by infernal dragons of some species or other. The griffins of the fertile, game-flown, game-traversed, blessed hunting-grounds of Kentucky, were savage beasts which Boone and his companions did not mind much, and still more savage Indians, whom they were compelled to respect. These native warriors had indeed no settled habitation there; it was the debatable "middle," "dark and bloody ground," roamed over in hostile collision by the tribes of the South and the North. So much the more formidable was it, perhaps, to the settler, who, whenever he encountered an Indian, would be pretty sure to meet him armed for the fight.

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